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# HOUSE of MYSTERY

Featuring  
**"I WAS  
A WITCH!"**

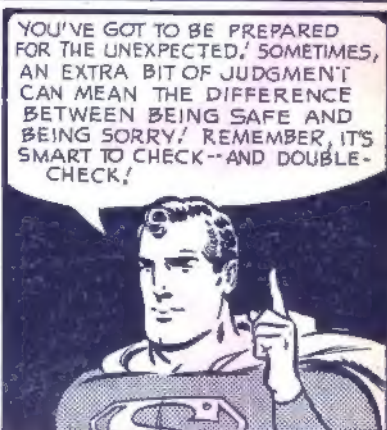
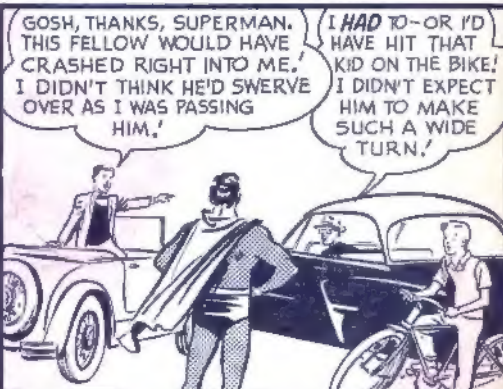
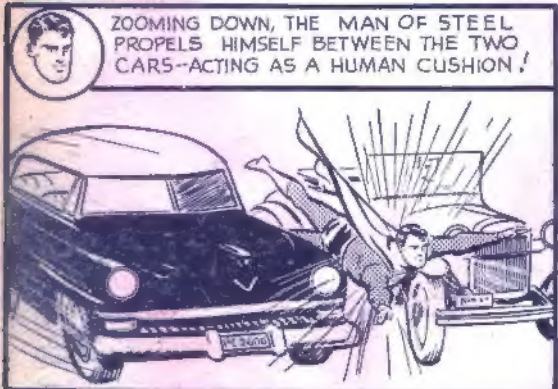
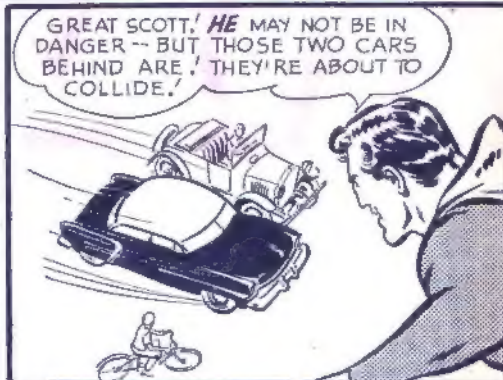
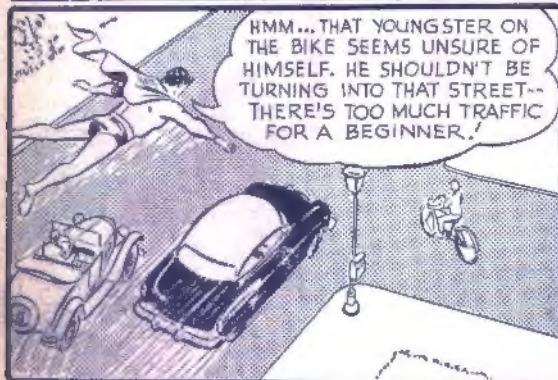


Also "MAN WITH THE STRANGLER HANDS" • "CARAVAN OF MIRACLES" • "MAN WHO WAS DEATH"



# SUPERMAN

*says:* "It's Smart to Check--  
and **DOUBLECHECK!**"



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**YOU ARE LOOKING AT A MURDERER!**  
**YES... I, JOHN CROYDON,**  
**DO NOT DENY THAT MURDER HAS BEEN MY DOING. BUT I PLEAD WITH YOU... HEAR MY STORY OUT!**  
**MY LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE... AND PERHAPS IF YOU BELIEVE ME, THEY WILL, TOO! YOU SEE,**  
**I AM NOT AT ALL RESPONSIBLE. THE GUILTY ONE IS ACTUALLY**

# 'The MAN WITH the STRANGLER HANDS!'



**I HAVE KNOWN SUCH TERROR AS COMES TO FEW MEN. THEY CALLED ME 'STRANGLER,' 'MONSTER,' 'MURDERER'! I WAS ALL OF THOSE... YET, I WAS NOT GUILTY!**

**HIS MAJESTY'S COURT FINDS YOU, JOHN CROYDON, GUILTY OF MURDER AND...**

**STOP! YES! YES! YOU ARE RIGHT! I DID COMMIT MURDER... BUT I AM INNOCENT! DO NOT THINK ME MAD... I SEG OF YOU... LISTEN TO MY STORY!**

**I LOOKED INTO THE STARING, SILENT FACES. AND WITH A SHUDDER, I FORCED MYSELF TO SPEAK THE INCREDIBLE FACTS THAT LED TO MY RUIN...**

**BEFORE, I DARED NOT TELL YOU THIS... I PRAYED FOR A VERDICT OF INNOCENT SO THAT I ALONE WOULD LIVE WITH MY HORROR! NOW, YOU ALL MUST SHARE IT WITH ME!**







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



IT ALL BEGAN ONE MORNING LAST YEAR, WHILE I WAS LIVING IN JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, WHEN I ANSWERED AN URGENT KNOCKING ON MY COTTAGE DOOR...

ARE YOU MR. JOHN CROYDEN, FORMERLY WITH THE INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, BRISTOL, ENGLAND?

WHY, YES... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?



MY NAME IS OF NO IMPORTANCE! I MUST BE TAUGHT HOW TO READ BRAILLE AT ONCE! PACK YOUR BAGS... YOU ARE GOING TO TEACH ME!

B-BUT I DON'T TEACH BRAILLE READING FOR THE BLIND ANY LONGER! I'VE CHANGED MY PROFESSION!



MY ARGUMENTS WERE FUTILE. THE EVIL STRANGER ESCORTED ME, AT GUN POINT, TO A WAITING AIRPLANE... AND BEFORE LONG, WE WERE WINGING OUR WAY THROUGH THE AFRICAN SKIES, HUNDREDS OF MILES NORTH...

BUT SUDDENLY...

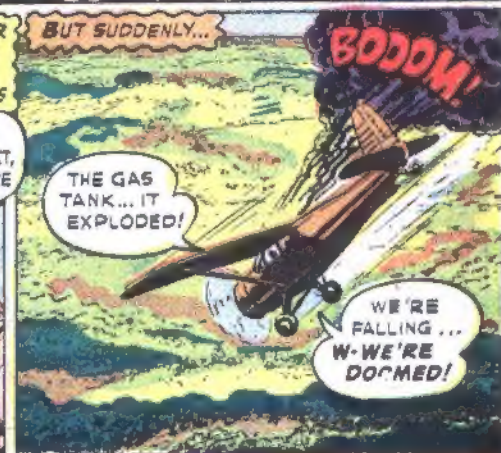
GOOD GRIEF, MAN! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? IF YOU'RE GOING BLIND, I'LL BE GLAD TO TEACH YOU BRAILLE WITHOUT ALL THIS MYSTERY!

WE ARE GOING TO MY JUNGLE RETREAT, MR. CROYDEN, WHERE WE WON'T BE DISTURBED!



THE GAS TANK... IT EXPLODED!

WE'RE FALLING...  
W-WE'RE DOOMED!



THERE WAS A CRASH AND ANOTHER LOUD EXPLOSION BEFORE EVERYTHING WENT BLACK! IT MUST HAVE BEEN HOURS LATER WHEN I DRAGGED MY NUMB BODY FROM THE WRECKAGE...

D-DEAD...THREE OF THEM...I-AM ALONE... THE ONLY SURVIVOR!



WAIT A MINUTE! M-MY HANDS... TH-THEY'RE MANGLED...NOTHING BUT SHAPELESS, BLOODY PULPS! OH, NO...NO, IT CAN'T BE!



THE SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME... ALL I COULD RECALL FROM THAT MOMENT ON WERE NIGHTMARISH SPECTRES HOVERING ABOVE ME IN THE EVIL-SMELLING JUNGLE...

HELP ME... SOME-  
BODY HELP ME...  
OH-H-H...





IT WAS LIKE A **MADMAN'S DREAM**... A TORTURED MIND FILLED WITH GHOSTLY VISIONS THAT LASTED FOR DAYS! FINALLY, WHEN MY SENSES RETURNED...

WH-WHERE AM I?  
M-MY HANDS ...  
WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO THEM?

SMELL THE HERBS OF SLEEP,  
WHITE STRANGER! I, KALANGO,  
GREATEST HEALER OF ALL  
THE TRIBES, SHALL MAKE  
THEM RIGHT!



HIS SWEET-SCENTED FUMES SENT ME INTO DEEP, PLEASANT SLUMBER. AND WHEN I AWOKE...

WH-WHAT...?

TH-THOSE AREN'T  
MY HANDS!

TH-THEY'RE  
SWOLLEN, MANGLED,  
UGLY!

THEY ARE GREAT, **STRONG** HANDS!  
THEY WILL SERVE YOU WELL.  
STRANGE ONE! DO NOT  
COMPLAIN AGAINST THE  
SPIRITS THAT MADE  
THEM!



I RETURNED TO LONDON, GRATEFUL FOR MY ESCAPE. THEN, ONE EVIL EVENING...

GREAT SCOTT! WH-WHAT'S  
COME OVER ME? I-I  
CAN'T TAKE MY EYES  
FROM THOSE JEWELS!  
AND MY HANDS... THEY'RE  
MOVING AGAINST  
MY WILL!



MY HEART POUNDED, MY TEMPLES THROBBED LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER AS I RACED FRANTICALLY TO MY ROOMING HOUSE...



I'M A THIEF!  
A THIEF! OH,  
HEAVEN HELP  
ME... WHAT HAVE  
I DONE? WHY?  
WHY?

IT MUST'VE BEEN A FLEETING SPASM, I TOLD MYSELF... PERHAPS A TOUCH OF JUNGLE FEVER, BUT THEN, SCARCELY A WEEK LATER...



THIEF!  
THIEF! STOP  
THIEF!



AS THE MERCHANT FOLLOWED ME AROUND THE CORNER, THOSE GREAT KNARLED HANDS, WHICH WERE NOT MINE, REACHED OUT AND...

NO! NO!  
YOU'RE...  
CHOKING ME...  
AAAGH!

I COULD NOT RETURN A MAN'S LIFE AS I HAD THE JEWELS. FOR DAYS, I WALKED THE STREETS, TORMENTED BEYOND BELIEF...

NEED  
HELP...MUST  
SEE A DOCTOR  
...MUST...WAIT!  
...TH-THAT  
FACE!

SUDDENLY I KNEW... IT WAS THOSE HANDS! THEY HAD MERGED MY SOUL WITH THAT OF A MURDERER!

THE MAN WHO ABDUCTED ME! A THIEF AND KILLER! OF COURSE... THAT WITCH DOCTOR MUST HAVE GIVEN ME HIS HANDS!

I FOUGHT... I FOUGHT AS DESPERATELY AS ANY HUMAN CAN AGAINST AN UNKNOWN WICKEDNESS THAT SAPS HIS EVERY THOUGHT...

NOW, YOU CLUTCHING, GROPING BUTCHERS... DO HARM TONIGHT! YOU'RE NOT PART OF ME... I DESPISE EACH ACCURSED MOVEMENT YOU MAKE!

BUT BEFORE MORNING...

NO...THE MONSTROUS DEVILS RIPPED THEMSELVES FREE!

THUS I WENT ON ROBBING AND LOOTING AGAINST MY WILL, UNTIL ONE NIGHT SHORTLY AFTER...

AND AGAIN, LIKE DARTING COBRAS, THOSE FEAR-SOME HANDS SOUGHT OUT THE SOFT, WARM FLESH!

WHO'S THERE?

OH, OH...THE  
OWNER OF THIS  
HOUSE... HE  
HEARD ME!

Y44RRGH!

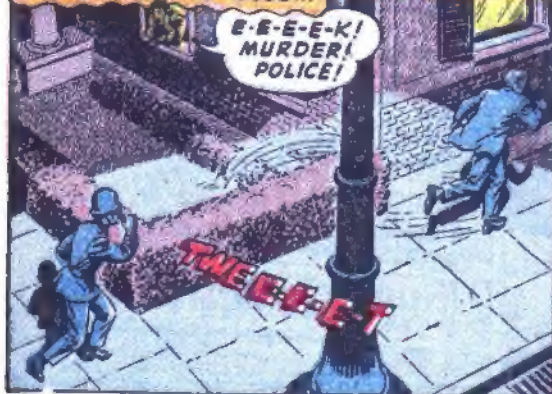




# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



I KNEW THEN THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE SOLUTION... DEATH... EVERLASTING SLEEP FOR THOSE RESTLESS HANDS... AND FOR MYSELF! BUT AS I RAN FROM THE HOUSE...



AS I FLED IN PANIC, THE SHRILL, PIERCING SOUND OF POLICE WHISTLES FILLED THE AIR...



A MOMENT LATER, ON A BRIDGE HIGH ABOVE THE THAMES RIVER, I SOUGHT TO END MY HORROR ONCE AND FOR ALL...



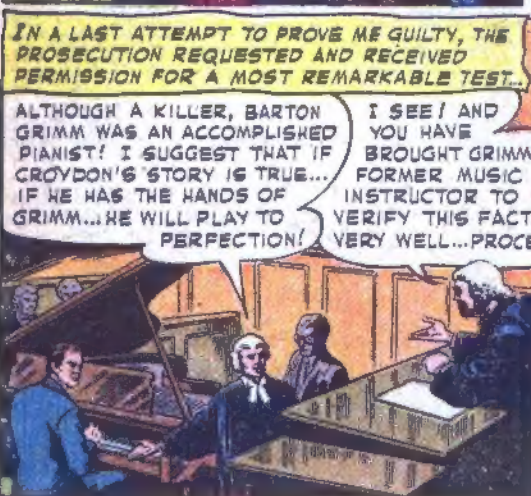
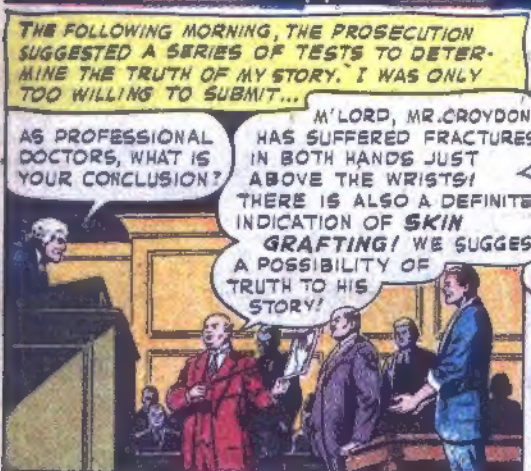
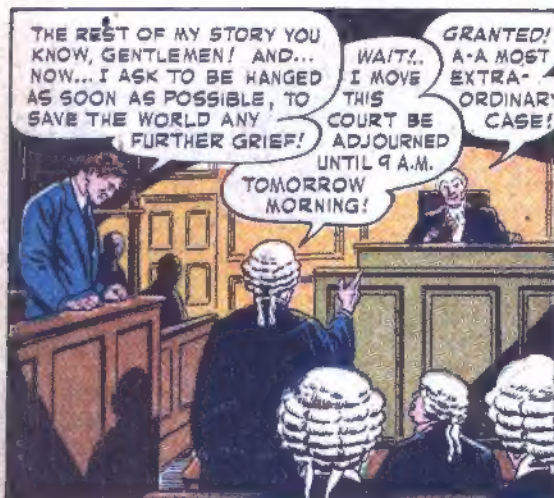
LIKE A WILD BEAST, I FOUGHT THEIR HEAVY NETTING... BUT IT WAS NO USE...



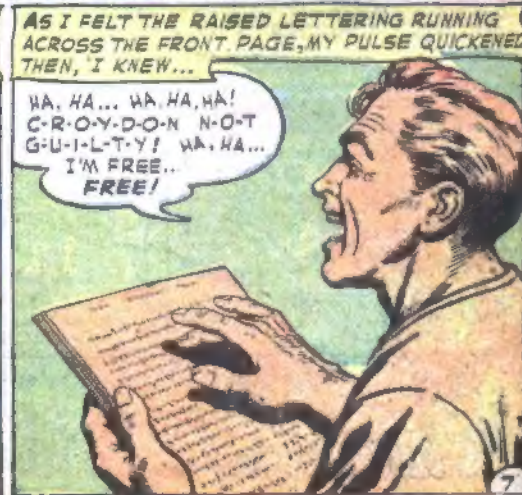
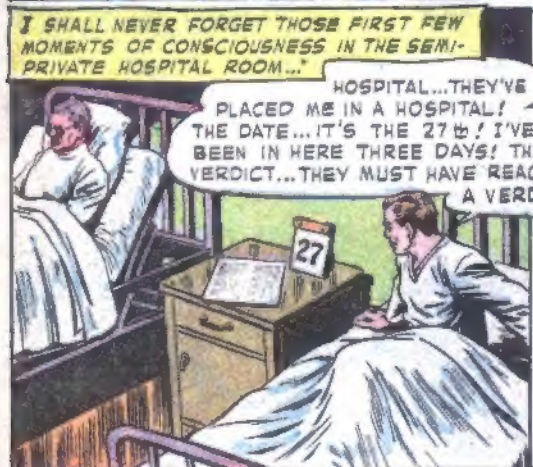
AT LENGTH, WITH MY STRENGTH GONE, I SURRENDERED TO THEIR AUTHORITY...















# HOUSE OF MYSTERY!



**ABRUPTLY...** THAT'S WHAT I WAS WAITING TO HEAR, CROYDON! YOU FELL FOR OUR TRAP...YOUR LITTLE GAME IS OVER! I'M FROM SCOTLAND YARD!

HUH? WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU TESTIFIED THAT BARTON GRIMM CAME TO YOU IN ORDER TO **LEARN BRAILLE!** IF YOU REALLY POSSESSED HIS HANDS, YOU'D HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO READ THAT PAPER JUST NOW!

WH-WHAT ABOUT THOSE X-RAYS IN COURT...AND THE HANDWRITING TEST...AND MY PIANO PLAYING? YOU'LL NEVER DISPROVE THAT!

GUESS AGAIN, CROYDON! WE SEARCHED YOUR FLAT AND FOUND PIANO RECORDINGS GRIMM HAD MADE WHILE IN THE PRISON BAND...YOU STUDIED THEM TO MASTER HIS STYLE! AS FOR THE HANDWRITING, WE FOUND SCRATCHINGS ON YOUR DESK BLOTTER WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE CRUDE COPIES OF GRIMM'S SIGNATURE... BEFORE YOU HAD MASTERED IT!

3

AND THE X-RAYS? WELL, FURTHER STUDY OF THEM REVEALED THAT YOU HAD FRACTURED YOUR WRISTS WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD... THAT YOU MUST'VE DELIBERATELY MANGLED YOUR HANDS TO PULL OFF THIS HOAX IN CASE YOU WERE EVER CAUGHT!

The End!

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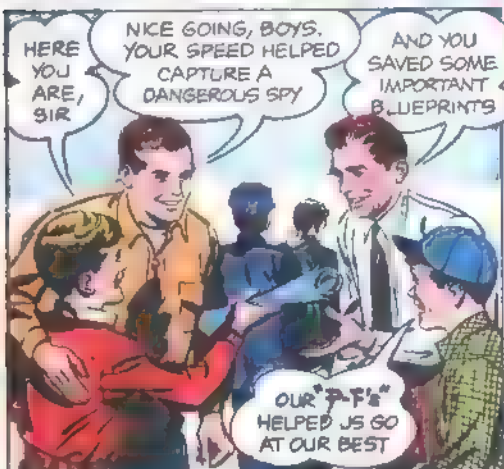
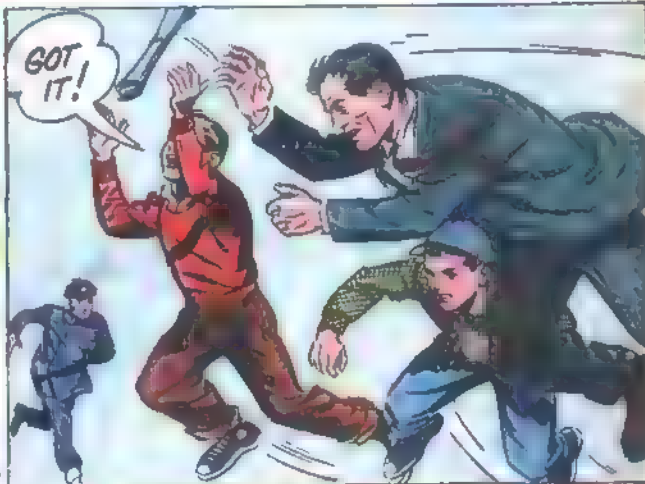


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TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR P-F CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP!

...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN  
...INCREASE ENDURANCE  
...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



ONE MAN AMONG MILLIONS  
DARED STRIVE TO TEAR THE  
VELL OF MYSTERY FROM SECRETS  
OF THE ANCIENTS. ALONE, HE  
DEFIED THE WONDERS OF A  
WORLD LONG PAST. SO IT WAS  
THAT THE ANGRY HAND OF  
MYSTICISM REACHED OUT FROM  
BEYOND THE GRAVE... REACHED  
OUT WITH ALL ITS UNCANNY  
SUPERNATURAL POWER IN AN  
ATTEMPT TO STRIKE DOWN  
PETER FARRELL AND END  
FOREVER...

## "The CARAVAN of MIRACLES!"

YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN ME!  
I DEFY YOU TO STOP ME FROM  
EXPOSING YOUR SECRETS OF  
THE AGES TO THE  
WORLD!



LAST SUMMER I RETURNED TO NEW YORK ABOARD THE  
EASTERN PRINCE FILLED WITH EXCITEMENT...

PF! GREAT TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN AFTER TWO YEARS!  
HOW WAS THE TRIP?  
HOW WAS -

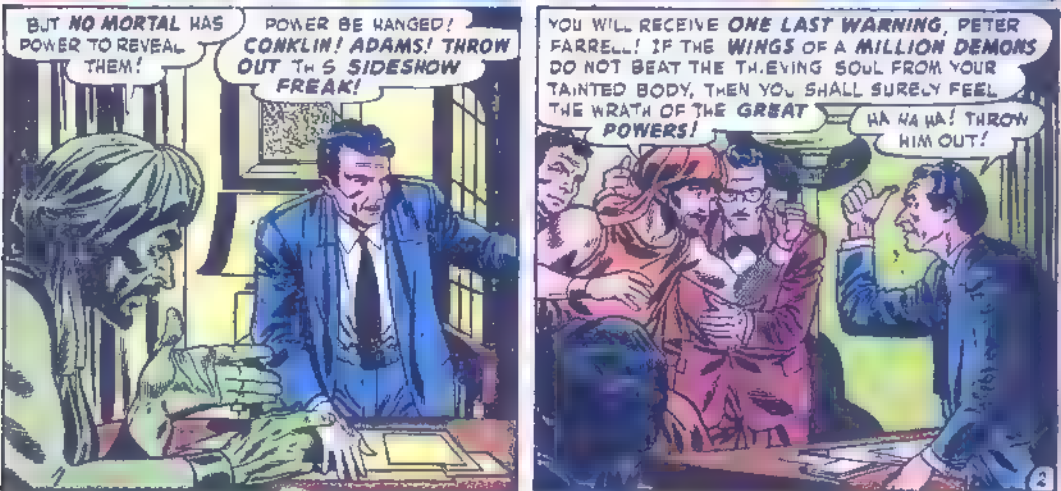
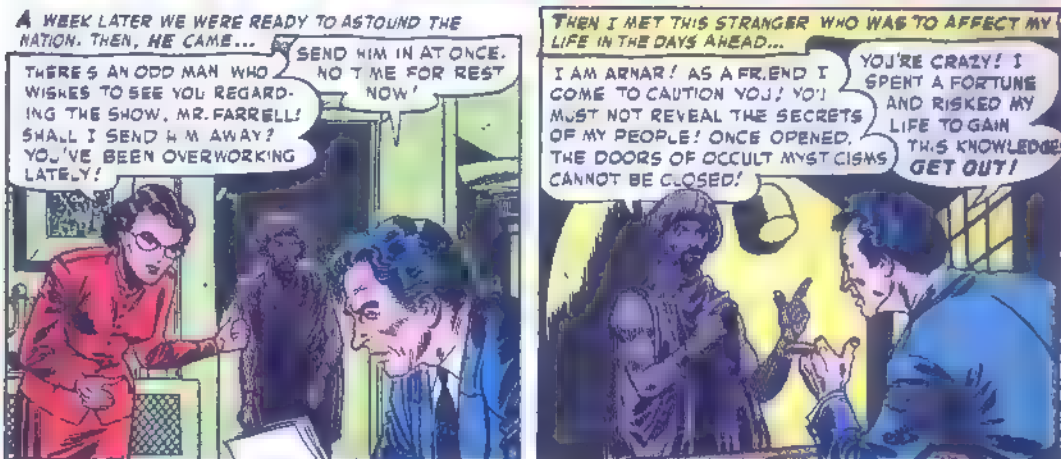
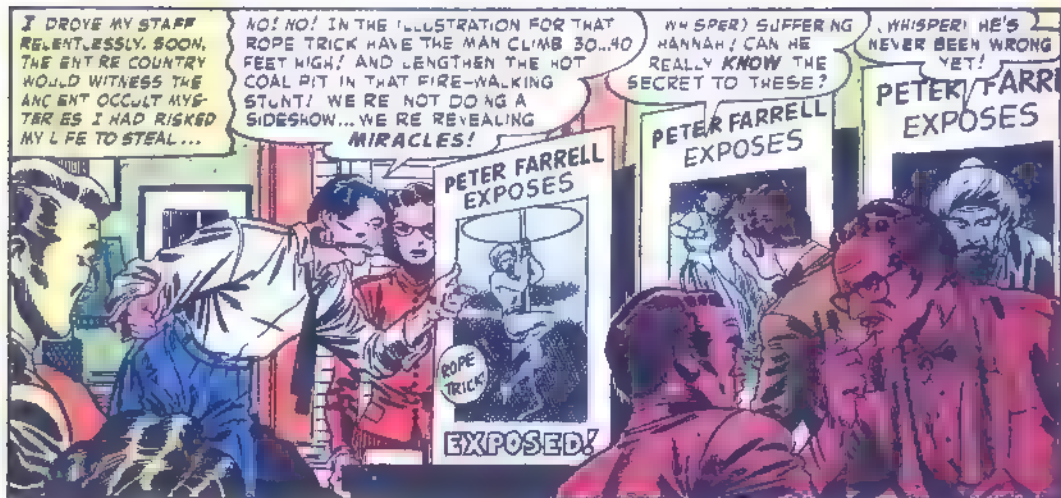
NEVER MIND THAT!  
CONTACT THE ARTISTS  
THE PUBLICITY STAFF!  
EVERYBODY! I WANT  
THEM IN MY OFFICE IN 20  
MINUTES! CONKLIN, I'VE  
COME BACK WITH THE ANSWERS  
TO THE GREATEST SECRETS  
IN THE WORLD!

WHEN MY STAFF ASSEMBLED, I PITCHED IN WITH ALL THE  
FERVOR I HAD CARRIED HALF WAY ROUND THE WORLD...

THIS WILL BE THE GREATEST TRAVELING SHOW EVER  
PRODUCED! I'VE TRESPASSED UPON EVERY SACRED  
KIND OF CULT KNOWN! I'VE LEO CHEATED STOLEN  
AND WORSE! BUT I'VE COME BACK WITH THE MOST  
SENSATIONAL EXPOSE IN HISTORY!







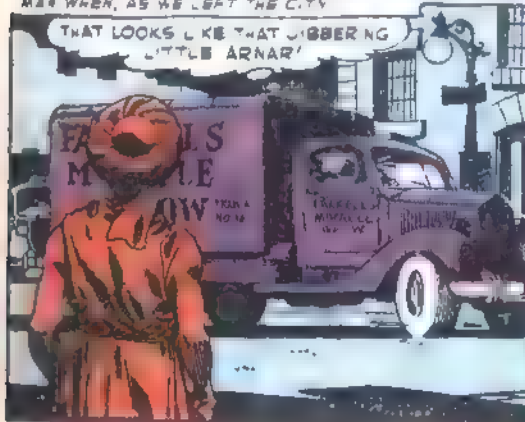




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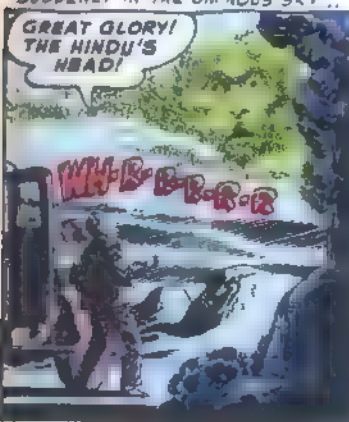


NEXT DAY, MY "CARAVAN OF MIRACLES" BEGAN ITS NATIONAL TOUR BY SETTING OUT FOR THE MID-WEST. I HAD NEARLY FORGOTTEN THE INCIDENT WITH THE LITTLE MAN WHEN, AS WE LEFT THE CITY...



THAT LOOKS LIKE THAT GIBBERING LITTLE ARNAR!

I LEAPED FROM THE TRUCK, AND SUDDENLY IN THE OMINOUS SKY...



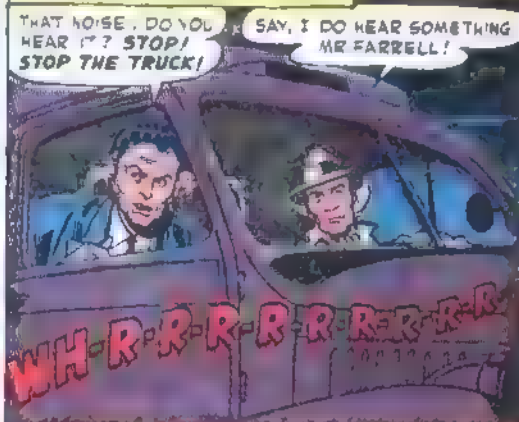
GREAT GLORY! THE HINDU'S HEAD!

ABRUPTLY, THE MONSTROUS HEAD MOVED TOWARD ME



YAAAA!

A WEEK LATER AS WE ROLLED THE GREAT EXPANSE OF THE MID-WEST, A STRANGE PREMONITION KEPT BUILDING UP WITHIN ME. THEN...



THAT NOISE. DO YOU HEAR IT? STOP! STOP THE TRUCK!

SAY, I DO HEAR SOMETHING ME FARRELL!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, I MUMBLED DELIRIOUS WORDS...

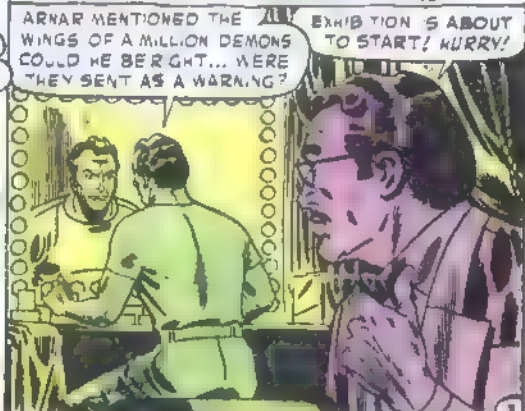


IT WAS THE LAST WARNING! THE LAST WARNING! THE GREAT POWERS HAVE SHOWN ME THEIR WRATH!

LISTEN... WE RAN SHACK INTO A SWARM OF LOCUSTS! NEARLY BURIED YOU!

I'M SURE HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW DAYS! HE NEEDS REST!

MY SHOW OPENED THAT WEEKEND BUT EVEN THE THRILL OF OPENING NIGHT COULD NOT DISPEL THE HANGING DOOM THAT CLOUDED MY HOPES



ARNAR MENTIONED THE WINGS OF A MILLION DEMONS COULD BE BRIGHT... WERE THEY SENT AS A WARNING?

EXHIBITION'S ABOUT TO START! HURRY!



IN THE BIG TENT A THOUSAND PATRONS GAZED IN AWE AS THE FIRST OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MYSTERIES UNFOLDED BEFORE THEIR EYES

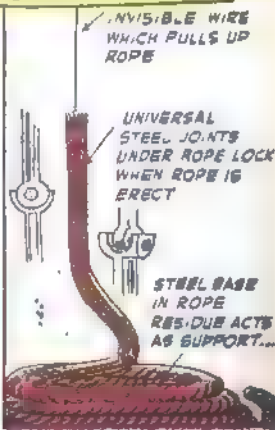
TONIGHT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PETER FARRELL TEARS AWAY THE ANCIENT CLOAK OF MYSTICISM AND EXPOSES OCCULT TRICKERY TO THE WORLD! PRESENTING... **THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK!**



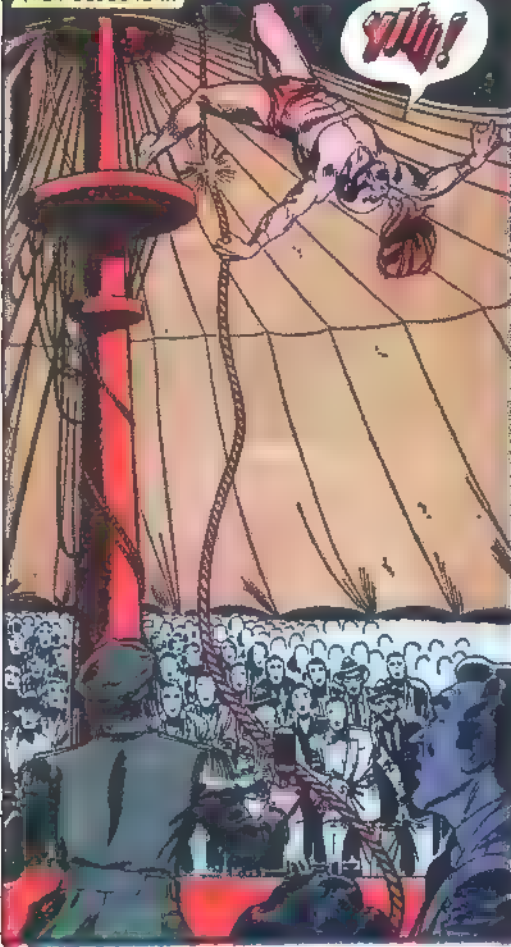
THERE HE GOES, FOLKS! SHORTLY YOU WILL LEARN THE SECRET OF THIS TRICK THAT HAS CAPTURED THE IMAGINATION OF MILLIONS!



THE AUDIENCE HAS JAWDROPPED AT THE CLEVER MANNER IN WHICH THE TRICK WAS WORKED.



THEN SUDDENLY...



WHAT A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT! HOW DID IT FALL?

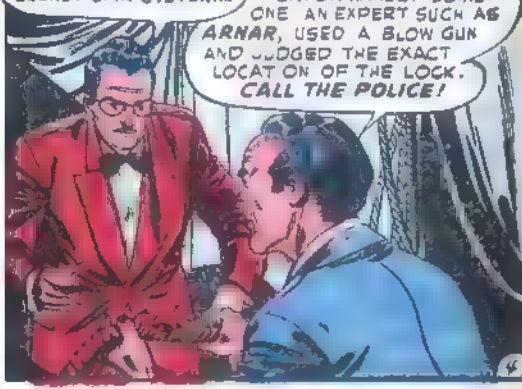
THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT, CONKLIN! COME! I'LL SHOW YOU!



STRANGELY, I HAD SENSED MURDER THE EVENING INSPECTION OF THE FATAL ROPE VERIFIED MY FEARS

SO IT WAS MURDER! THAT SMALL DART WAS INSERTED IN THE SPRING LOCK OF THE SECRET LINK SYSTEM...

UNLUCKY, CONKLIN! THESE LINKS LOCK AS THE ROPE IS RAISED. THE DART COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE PRIOR TO THE PERFORMANCE! SOMEONE AN EXPERT SUCH AS ARNAR, USED A BLOW GUN AND JUDGED THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE LOCK. CALL THE POLICE!







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



THE POLICE WERE EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO COME BY

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW  
THAT ARNAR IS HERE?  
YOU LAST SAW HIM  
IN NEW YORK!

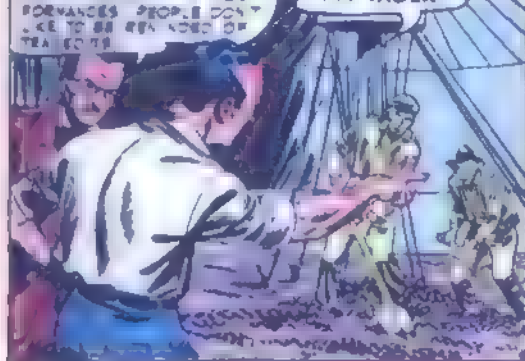
I DON'T CARE! THAT  
BLASTED HINDU THREAT-  
ENED SOMETHING LIKE  
THIS DO SOMETHING BEFORE  
HE GETS AWAY!



I WAS GREATLY RELIEVED TO HEAR OF ARNAR'S  
DEATH. THE CURSE ON MY 'CARAVAN OF MIRACLES' WAS  
LIFTED.

YOU ARE A LIE!  
TO DROP THE ROPE TRICK  
FROM THE REMAINING PER-  
FORMANCES. PEOPLE DON'T  
LIKE TO BE REVEALED OF  
TRICKS.

YES CONKUN! HERE YOU  
MEN... MAKE THAT COAL  
PIT WIDER!



IN MY TENT AS I SOUGHT MY PLEASURE, AN OMNISCIENT VOICE  
SAID:



MY DESCRIPTION OF ARNAR WAS HADGED TO PROWL  
CARS THROUGHOUT THE AREA. HE LATER LEARNED OF  
HIS FATE.

THIS IS THE CHARACTER  
ALL RIGHT! HE CERTAINLY  
BEAT FAST FROM THAT  
CARNIVAL! IT'S NEARLY  
50 MILES AWAY!

HIS NAME CHECKS  
ARNAR! I'D  
BETTER SEND IN  
THE REPORT.



THAT NIGHT AS I STOOD OUTSIDE AND WATCHED THE  
CROWD POUR INTO THE BIG TENT.

LOOK AT THEM! A SELL-OUT!  
MR. FARRELL, WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S MY HEAD!  
I'VE BEEN HAVING  
THESE SHARP PAINS  
FOR SEVERAL DAYS!  
EXCUSE ME, CONKUN!  
I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY!



I SPUN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE VOICE AND THERE,  
IN THE MIRROR...

OMG! BUDA! GARON...  
FACES OF THE FIVE MYSTICS  
FROM WHOM I STOLE THE  
SECRETS! IF YOU CAN'T  
FORGET ME NOW! IT'S  
TOO LATE!

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO  
RECKON WITH AN EVIL ONE  
PETER FARRELL! ONCE  
YOU HAVE DISCOVERED OUR  
MYSTERIES TO THE WORLD,  
YOU SHALL NEVER ESCAPE  
US! WE WILL PUNISH YOU  
ALWAYS!





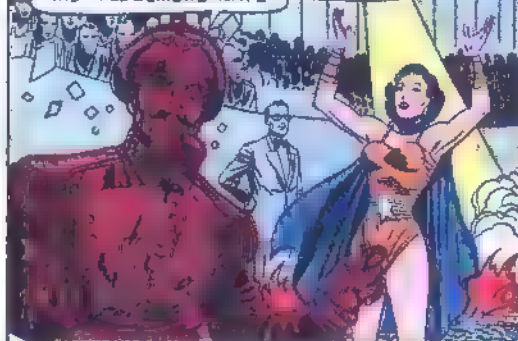


# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



MEANWHILE, THE LIGHTS DIMMED IN THE SHOW TENT, THE PERFORMANCE WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WE ARE ABOUT TO REVEAL ONE OF THE STRANGEST PHENOMENA KNOWN TO MANKIND... THE SECRET BEHIND THE FIRE WALKERS! INTRODUCING OLETA, WHO WILL DEMONSTRATE

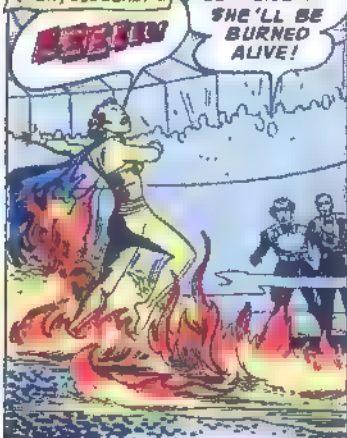


OLETA CROSSED THE HOT COALS, THE POWDERED HERB-ASBESTOS I TAUGHT HER TO PUT ON HER FEET PROTECTED HER.



THEN, SUDDENLY...

GET HER OFF! SHE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!



OLETA'S TREMBLING BODY WAS DRAGGED FROM THE HOT BED OF DEATH. SHE WAS RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL...

I DON'T THINK HE SAW IT! SOMEONE SAID HE WAS IN HIS TENT FEELING PRETTY SICK! YOU'D BETTER TELL HIM!



I HATE TO BE THE ONE TO BREAK THIS TO YOU, BUT MR. FARRELL! GREAT THUNDER! WHAT'S HAPPENED?



WHO WAS THAT? WHO?

I DON'T KNOW! HE WAS FANTASTIC! HALF MAN... HALF BEAST! HIS EYES... REFLECTED SINISTER POOLS OF DEATH! HE STOOD THERE MOCKING ME... CURSING ME! THEN, HE SAID HE'D RETURN TOMORROW TO KILL ME!



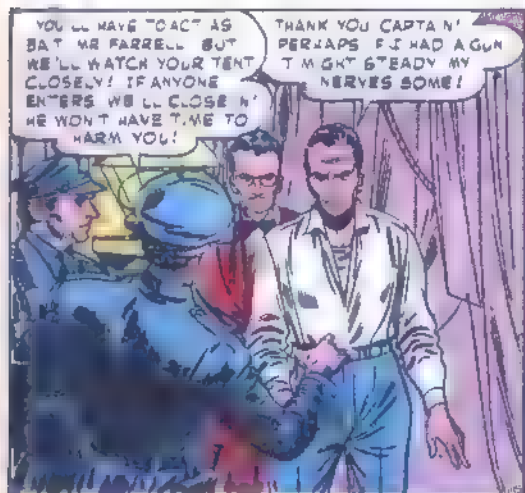
WHEN, HOURS LATER, I REGAINED MY SENSES, I TOLD THE POLICE ALL I KNEW AND A PLAN WAS ARRANGED...

IF THIS CHARACTER IS WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OF HERE WE'LL FIND HIM!

YOU MUST, CAPTAIN! HE'S MAD! COMPLETELY MAD!

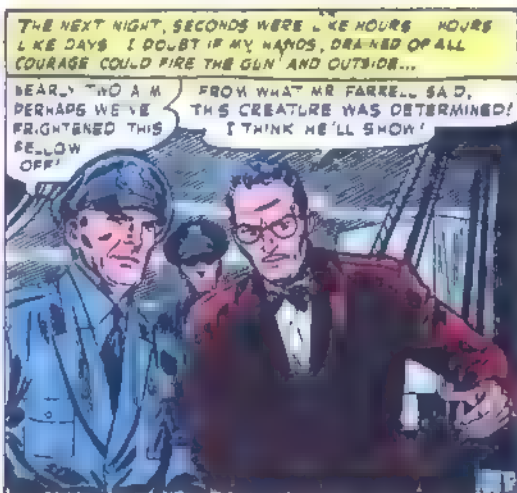






YOU'LL HAVE TO ACT AS  
BAT MR FARRELL BUT  
WE'LL WATCH YOUR TENT  
CLOSELY! IF ANYONE  
ENTERS WE'LL CLOSE N'  
HE WON'T HAVE TIME TO  
HARM YOU!

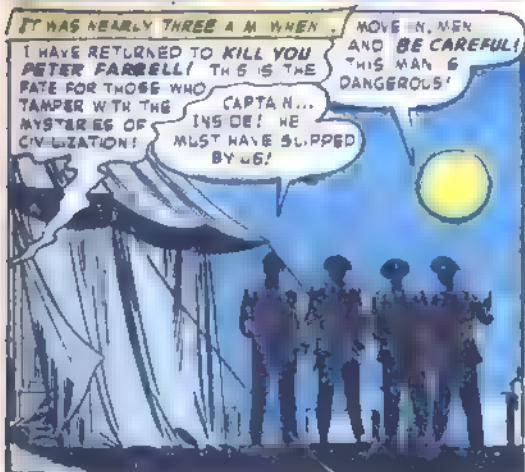
THANK YOU CAPTAIN!  
PERHAPS F.I. HAD A GUN  
T MIGHT GET MY  
NERVES SOME!



THE NEXT NIGHT, SECONDS WERE LIKE HOURS. HOURS  
LIKE DAYS. I DOUBT IF MY HANDS, DRAINED OF ALL  
COURAGE COULD FIRE THE GUN AND OUTSIDE...

NEARLY TWO A.M.  
PERHAPS WE'VE  
FRIGHTENED THIS  
RELL-OW  
OFF!

FROM WHAT MR FARRELL SAID,  
THIS CREATURE WAS DETERMINED!  
I THINK HE'LL SHOW!



IT WAS NEARLY THREE A.M. WHEN  
I HAVE RETURNED TO KILL YOU  
PETER FARRELL! THIS IS THE  
FATE FOR THOSE WHO  
TAMPER WITH THE  
MYSTERIES OF  
CIVILIZATION!

MOVE IN, MEN  
AND BE CAREFUL!  
THIS MAN IS  
DANGEROUS!

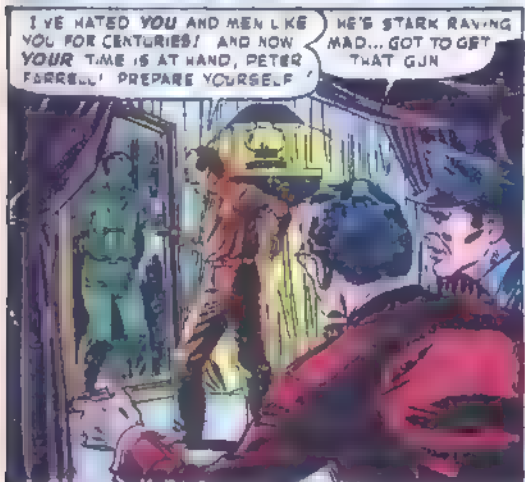
CAPTAIN...  
INSIDE! HE  
MUST HAVE SLEPT  
BY 6!



YOU INTENDED TO MAKE A  
MOCKERY OF THE SUPER-  
NATURAL! NOW, THE VERY  
MANNER OF YOUR DEATH  
SHALL PROVE SUCH A  
POWER EXISTS!

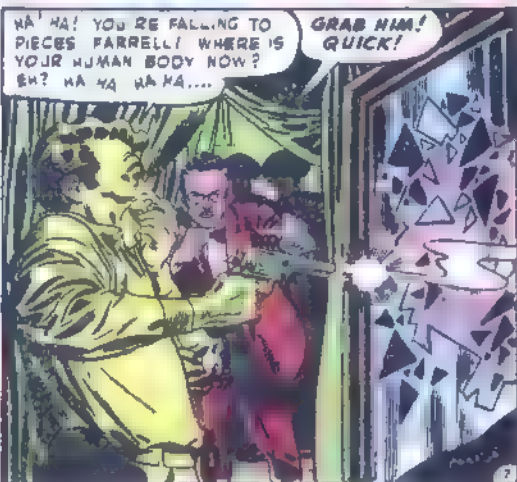
GOOD  
CEASAR!

NO... IT CAN'T  
BE!



I'VE HATED YOU AND MEN LIKE  
YOU FOR CENTURIES! AND NOW  
YOUR TIME IS AT HAND, PETER  
FARRELL! PREPARE YOURSELF!

HE'S STARK RAVING  
MAD... GOT TO GET  
THAT GUN



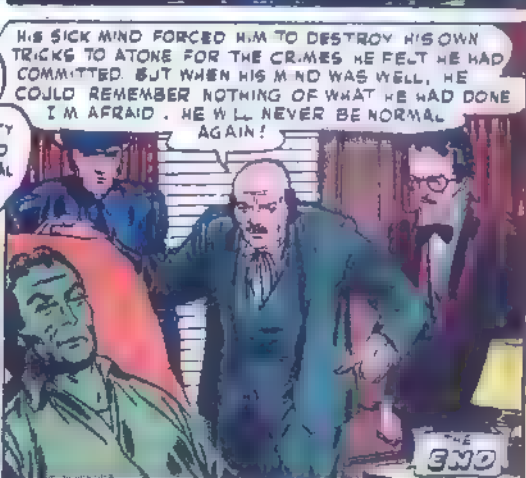
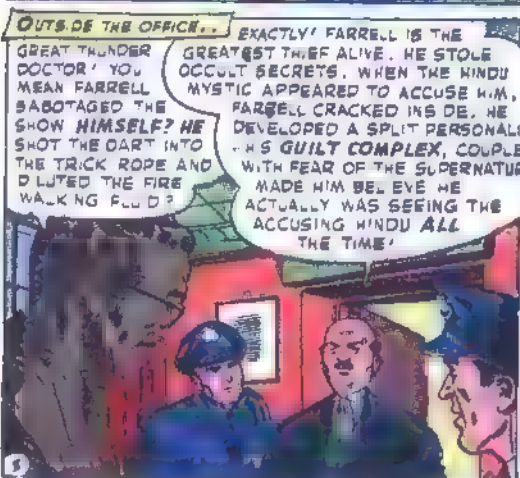
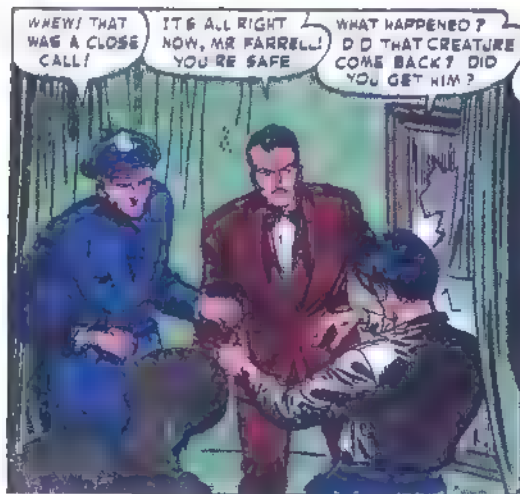
HA! HA! YOU'RE FALLING TO  
PIECES FARRELL! WHERE IS  
YOUR HUMAN BODY NOW?  
EH? HA HA HA HA...

GRAB HIM!  
QUICK!





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



**NOW!** THE CRAZIEST COMICS IN AMERICA

Dean **MARTIN** and Jerry **LEWIS**

ROLICK THROUGH THE PAGES OF A REAL CRAZY COMICS MAGAZINE!

**DON'T MISS IT!** IT'S ON SALE **Everywhere!**

THE ADVERT-ALL OF **MARTIN LEWIS**

DC



TODAY WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A CONTEST! WINNER GETS THE GRAND PRIZE!

LEARN TO DRAW - LESSONS - 5¢

OH BOY! A DRAWING CONTEST!

I'M GOING TO WIN, TOO!

WHAT'LL WE DRAW?

SHALL WE SKETCH PEP?

THE MOST INTERESTING IDEA WINS, KIDS!

HMM... I'VE GOT IT ALREADY!

TIME'S UP! NOW I'LL PICK THE WINNER!

LOOK AT MINE WITH THIS ONE!

I'LL WIN!

SEE MY IDEA, PUD-

SIS IS THE WINNER! AND HER PRIZE IS A WHOLE BOX OF DUBBLE BUBBLE!

FLEER'S IS A GOOD IDEA EVERY TIME - NO WONDER SHE WON THE PRIZE!

YOU CAN'T BEAT DUBBLE BUBBLE!

"DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM IS FUN TO CHEW!"

"FUNNIES, FACTS AND FORTUNES ON EVERY WRAPPER TOO!"

FLEER'S BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES BETTER AND FASTER!

AVAILABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!

# DOG MOURNING!

ONE HOT EVENING IN JULY, 1877, LURANCY VENNUM, 12-YEAR OLD DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. THOMAS VENNUM, OF WATSEKA, ILLINOIS, WENT INTO A FIT AND LOST CONSCIOUSNESS! WHEN SHE CAME TO, SHE DIDN'T REMEMBER HER PARENTS OR HER PAST LIFE WITH THEM... AND SHE KEPT CALLING HERSELF MARY ROFF!

MR. AND MRS. ABA ROFF LIVING IN WATSEKA HEARD OF THIS AND CAME TO CALL. LURANCY FLUNG HERSELF INTO THEIR ARMS CALLING THEM "MA" AND "PA". THE ROFFS THEN SAID THAT THEIR OWN DAUGHTER HAD DIED 12 YEARS AGO, JUST ABOUT WHEN LURANCY WAS BORN!

LURANCY'S AMAZED PARENTS AGRED, AFTER SOME PERSUASION, TO LET THEIR DAUGHTER STAY WITH THE ROFFS FOR AWHILE! IN HER NEW SURROUNDINGS, LURANCY RECALLED EVERYTHING... EVEN WHERE MARY'S PET DOG WAS BURIED!

THE FOLLOWING YEAR, SHE WENT INTO ANOTHER FIT! WHEN SHE REVIVED, SHE WAS ONCE AGAIN THE PERSONALITY OF LURANCY AND THE SADDENED ROFFS WENT INTO MOURNING FOR A SECOND TIME! PERHAPS A SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OF TIME MAY HELP, SOME DAY, TO EXPLAIN THIS STRANGE EPISODE!





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



I'M JUST AN AVERAGE FELLOW--LIKE A THOUSAND OTHERS YOU PASS ON THE STREET EVERY DAY AS A TRAVELING SALESMAN, I CAME TO THE CARNIVAL CITY--NOT TO CELEBRATE THE MARDI GRAS--BUT ON BUSINESS.

HOW DID I KNOW THAT THIS FESTIVE ATMOSPHERE WAS CHARGED WITH DOOM? HOW COULD I FORESEE THE GROWING HORROR THAT WAS TO EXPLODE IN MY BRAIN WHEN I DISCOVERED MY IDENTITY TO BE...

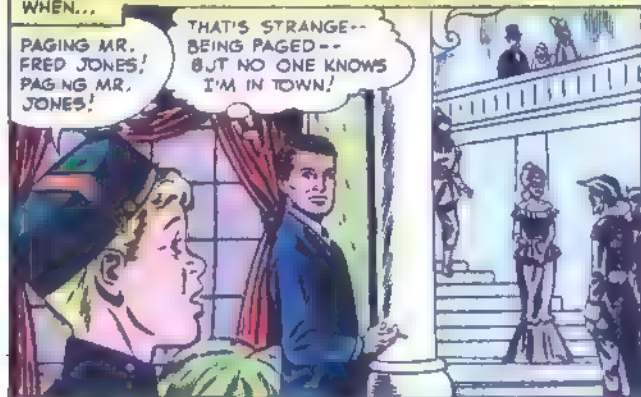
## "THE MAN WHO WAS DEATH!"



I HAD CHECKED INTO THE HOTEL TWO HOURS EARLIER. AFTER A LEISURELY DINNER, I WANDERED INTO THE LOBBY, AMUSED BY THE GROTESQUE COSTUMES OF THE MARDI GRAS CELEBRANTS, WHEN...

PAGING MR. FRED JONES! PAGING MR. JONES!

THAT'S STRANGE-- BEING PAGED-- BUT NO ONE KNOWS I'M IN TOWN!



I'M FRED JONES! WHAT IS IT?

I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU SIR--YOUR FRIENDS ARE EXPECTING YOU IN ROOM 203!







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



CURIOUS, I WENT UP TO ROOM 203, AND PUSHED THE BUZZER. WHEN I ENTERED...

MASTER, WE AWAIT YOUR BIDDING!

WHAT'S THAT? WHAT'S THE GAG--?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU ARE, MASTER?

YOU HAD BETTER TELL HIM--!

NO, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN! MY NAME IS FRED JONES! I'M A SALESMAN, AND I LIVE IN COLUMBUS--!

BUT ABRUPTLY, A BELLHOP ENTERED...

HERE'S YOUR ORDER, GENTLEMEN!

AH, YES, THANK YOU!

THE BELLHOP COULD IDENTIFY THESE STRANGERS, I THOUGHT, AS I TAPPED HIS SHOULDER

IF THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE YOU--  
ARRGGG!

GREAT SCOTT--  
W-WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM--?

YOU--TOUCHED  
HIM, MASTER!

SUPPOSE I DID? AND WHY DO YOU KEEP CALLING ME MASTER? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ANYWAY?

IT IS TIME WE TOLD HIM! NOW!

HE DIED, AS ANYONE WILL, WHOM YOU TOUCH, MASTER! FOR YOU ARE DEATH!

AND YOU ARE CRAZY! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

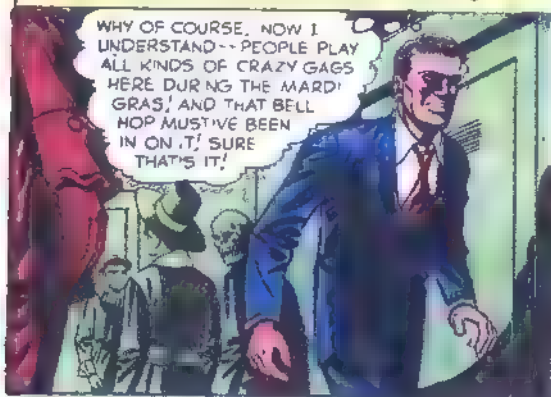




# HOUSE OF MYSTERY

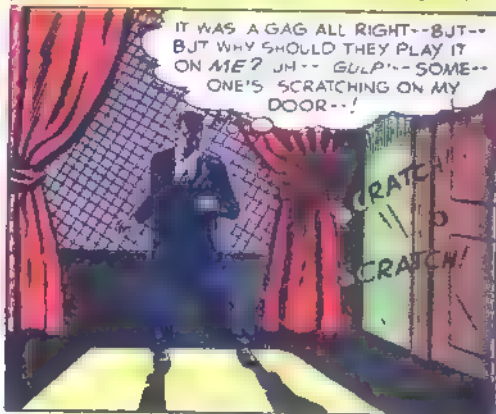


AS I FLED BACK TO MY OWN ROOM, THE REASON FOR THIS MAD BEHAVIOR SUDDENLY BECAME APPARENT

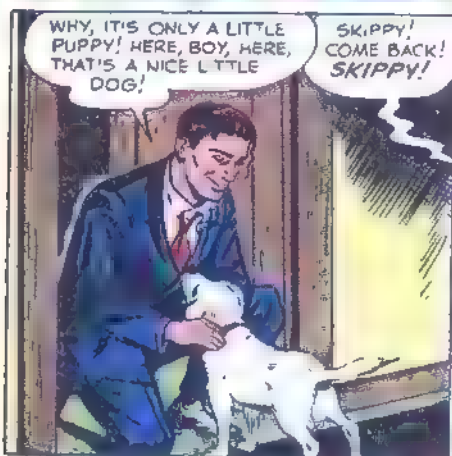


WHY OF COURSE. NOW I UNDERSTAND-- PEOPLE PLAY ALL KINDS OF CRAZY GAGS HERE DURING THE MARDI GRAS, AND THAT BELL HOP MUST'VE BEEN IN ON IT! SURE THAT'S IT!

BUT ONCE IN THE REFUGE OF MY OWN ROOM...



IT WAS A GAG ALL RIGHT-- BUT-- BUT WHY SHOULD THEY PLAY IT ON ME? UM-- GULP!-- SOME-- ONE'S SCRATCHING ON MY DOOR--!



WHY, IT'S ONLY A LITTLE PUPPY! HERE, BOY, HERE, THAT'S A NICE LITTLE DOG!

SKIPPY! COME BACK! SKIPPY!

AND THEN, AS I SHUDDERED WITH REVULSION

GRACIOUS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SKIPPY?

HE--HE-- JUST-- ROLLED OVER, AND-- DIED!

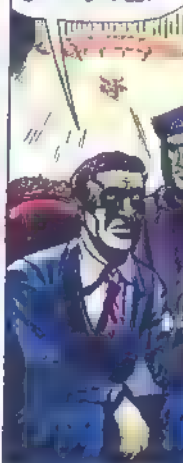


I KNEW THEN THAT I MUST PUT A STOP TO THIS NIGHTMARE HUMOR. I MUST DO IT AT ONCE, AND DEMAND A FULL EXPLANATION AND APOLOGY FROM MY TORMENTORS. FURIOUSLY--AND SLIGHTLY PUZZLED--I STAMPED BACK TO THE ROOM OF THOSE THREE STRANGERS!



NOW SEE HERE! I KNOW THIS IS A PRACTICAL JOKE YOU'RE PULLING ON ME. THAT BELLHOP, AND JUST NOW A DOG! I DON'T WANT IT TO GO ANY FURTHER--

YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WROUGHT UP BY THIS SILLY--

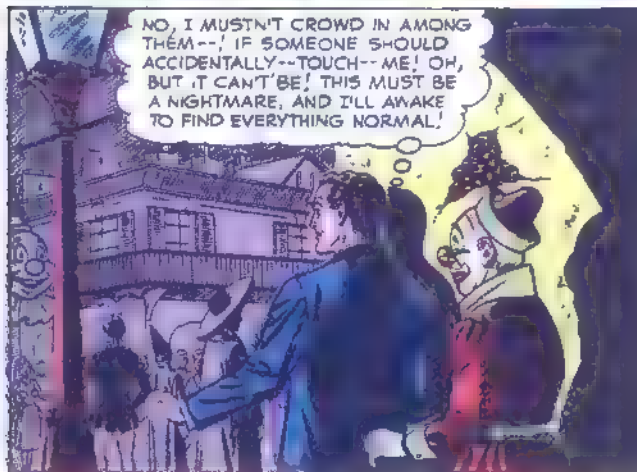


SILLY? LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING, THE SPIRIT FIGURES FROM THE OTHER WORLD ASSUME MORTAL FORM--AND SOMETIMES THEY FORGET WHENCE THEY CAME. WE ARE HERE TO REMIND YOU-- YOU ARE DEATH!

AND WHOEVER YOU TOUCH DIES!



# HOUSE OF MYSTERY





DULL DESPAIR OVERCAME ME AS I FLED BACK TO THE HOTEL...

I'LL PHONE HELEN I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN. SHE'LL HELP ME-- SHE'LL TELL ME WHAT TO DO--!

AND AFTER I HAD BLURTED OUT THE SHOCKING STORY...

IT'S YOUR NERVES, DARLING! I WARNED YOU THAT YOU WERE WORKING TOO HARD. COME HOME. YOU NEED REST--!

YES, YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M TRED, AWFULLY TRED, AND THINGS LIKE THIS CAN'T REALLY HAPPEN! I'LL PACK RIGHT AWAY-- AND CATCH THE FIRST TRAIN OUT!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, I'D FINISHED PACKING. FEELING HOT FROM MY EFFORTS, I THREW OPEN THE WINDOW, STARED OUT AT THE STREET BELOW...

HELEN'S RIGHT--IT'S JUST MY NERVES! AND THERE'S PROBABLY AN EXPLANATION FOR THOSE CRAZY THINGS THAT HAPPENED...

AND THEN, I SAW IT--THE WINDOW PLANT I HAD BEEN FINGERING...

IT WITHERED AWAY, AND--DIED! SO, IT'S--IT'S-- TRUE-- I AM DEATH!

I STAGGERED FROM THE ROOM, WITH BUT ONE THOUGHT IN MIND, TO LOSE MYSELF... OR DESTROY MYSELF, BUT...

QUICKLY, CLERK, MY BILL--I WANT TO CHECK OUT--MY NAME'S FRED JONES!

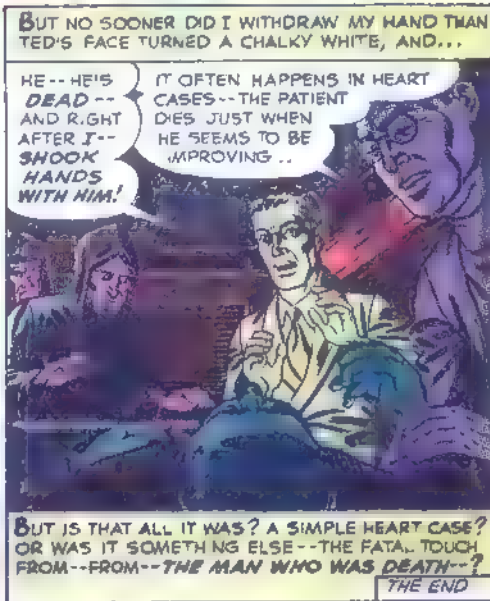
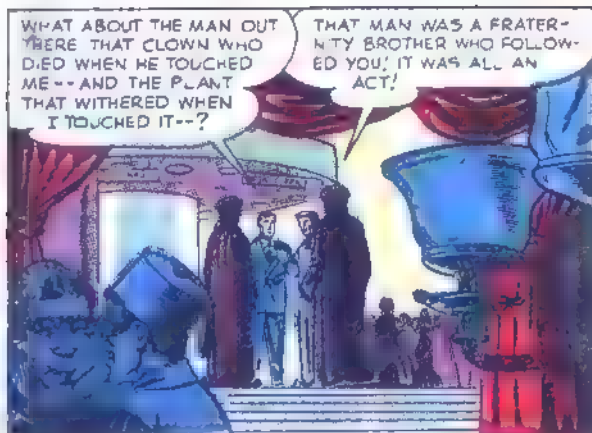
OH, MR. JONES, MR. JONES! PLEASE, JUST A MOMENT THERE'S BEEN A HORRIBLE MISTAKE!

DID YOU SAY--A MISTAKE--?

YES, A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! YOU SEE, WE MISTOOK YOU FOR TED JONES! THIS WAS TO BE PART OF HIS INITIATION INTO OUR FRATERNITY BUT WE JUST FOUND OUT--TED HAD A HEART ATTACK MINUTES BEFORE HE WAS PAGED, AND THE BELLHOP ACCIDENTALLY PAGED FRED JONES INSTEAD OF TED JONES!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT DOG AND THE BELLHOP--? THEY BOTH DIED WHEN I TOUCHED THEM!

OH, WE Hired THAT DOG FROM A LOCAL SIDESHOW. AT THE COMMAND OF "SKIPPY" HE PLAYED DEAD. AND WE GAVE THE BELLHOP \$5 TO KEEL OVER!



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## Message to Parents



## WHAT TO DO IF POLIO COMES YOUR WAY

**Keep children with their own friends. Keep them away from people they have not been with right along, especially in close, daily living. Many people have polio infection without showing signs of sickness. Without knowing it, they can pass the infection on to others.**

Try not to get over-tired by work, hard play or travel. If you already have the polio infection in your body, being very tired may bring on serious polio.

Keep from getting chilled. Don't bathe or swim too long in cold water. Take off wet clothes at once. Chilling can lessen your body's protection against polio.

**Keep clean.** Wash hands carefully before eating and always after using the toilet. Hands may carry polio infection into the body through the mouth. Also keep food clean and covered.

## WATCH FOR EARLY SIGNS OF SICKNESS


Pollo starts in different ways—with headache, sore throat, upset stomach or fever. Persons coming down with pollo may also feel nervous, cross or dizzy. They may have trouble in swallowing or breathing. Often there is a stiff neck and back.

**ACT QUICKLY—CALL YOUR DOCTOR AT ONCE**

Until he comes, keep the patient quiet and in bed, away from others.

Prepared in Cooperation with The National Foundation For Infantile Paralysis

ADVERTISEMENT



# LOOK!

ALL YOU BASEBALL FANS...

# BASEBALL CAP

FOR ONLY 50¢

IN COIN

PICK ANY OF THE 16 MAJOR LEAGUE TEAMS!


I'M GETTING ONE, TOO!

BE THE ENVY OF YOUR GANG!  
SEND FOR YOUR BIG LEAGUE  
BASEBALL CAP TODAY!!  
IN OFFICIAL COLOR AND DESIGN  
OF YOUR FAVORITE TEAM!

RUSH THIS  
COUPON  
TODAY!

PLUS TWO 3¢ STAMPS AND ONE NECCO WAFER WRAPPER

AND THOSE EIGHT DELICIOUS FLAVORS IN NECCO WAFERS! U-M-M-M! GOOD!



NECCO BASEBALL CAP  
Box 6363, Chicago 6, Illinois

I am enclosing 50¢ in coin (plus 2—3¢ stamps), and one Necco Wafer wrapper for each cap ordered. Send cap (s) in size and design checked below.

<input type="checkbox"/> YANKS <input type="checkbox"/> WHITE SOX <input type="checkbox"/> RED SOX <input type="checkbox"/> THORS	<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS <input type="checkbox"/> BROWNS <input type="checkbox"/> INDIANS <input type="checkbox"/> MONARCHS	<input type="checkbox"/> CUBS <input type="checkbox"/> CARDINALS <input type="checkbox"/> PHILADELPHIA <input type="checkbox"/> DECATUR	<input type="checkbox"/> PIRATES <input type="checkbox"/> GIANTS <input type="checkbox"/> GOLOS <input type="checkbox"/> BATS
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☐ Other (see us upon ordering)

CIRCLE YOUR SIZE:    6 1/4    6 1/2    6 3/4    6 7/8    7    7 1/8    7 1/4    7 1/2    7 3/4    8

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Send no money now. Mail this coupon with 50¢ in coin (plus 2—3¢ stamps) and one Necco Wafer wrapper for each cap ordered.

**I**T WASN'T MUCH--JUST A SMALL LENGTH OF ROPE! YET, IN ITS SERPENTINE COILS, IT POSSESSED THE DIABOLICAL POWER TO TWIST MEN'S LIVES, AND ONCE IN ITS SINEWY FIBERS, A MAN'S DESTINY WAS HELDLESSLY ENTWINEO! THIS IS THE STORY OF A MAN'S GREED FOR WEALTH BEYOND HIS WILDEST IMAGININGS, AND HOW IT WAS THWARTED BY...

## "a Piece of Rope!"



ONE BLEAK SEPTEMBER DAY, IN THE NEWS ROOM OF A CITY NEWSPAPER...

SAY, GEORGE, HOP OVER TO 100 CLAY STREET, WHERE THAT OLD MISER, HORACE SWEENEY, LIVED! HE WAS JUST PICKED UP IN THE STREET, DEAD! GET INTO HIS HOUSE--MAYBE THERE'S A STORY IN IT!

SO HE DIED, HUH? HE SURE WAS A CHARACTER AROUND TOWN!



"I ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT HIM--HOW HE USED TO WALK THE STREETS, PICKING UP ODD PIECES OF STRING. SOME PEOPLE SAID HE WAS WORTH A FORTUNE..."

LOOK AT OLD HORACE, STILL PICKING UP PIECES OF STRING! AND I HEAR HE HAS LOADS OF MONEY HIDDEN IN THAT BROKEN-DOWN HOUSE HE LIVES IN.



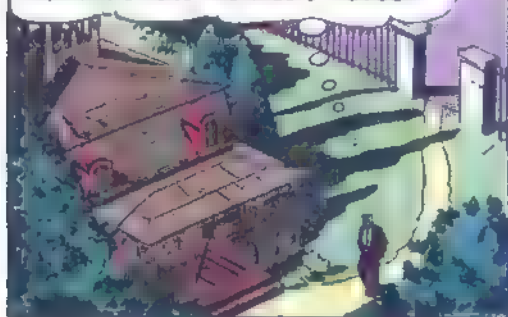




# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



**BATER..** IT'S NOT A NEW STORY--A MAN LIVES LIKE A PALPER, BUT HAS A FORTUNE HIDDEN AWAY, NOT KNOWING HOW TO ENJOY HIS MONEY! AND LOOK AT ME-- SLAVING AWAY ON 50 BUCKS A WEEK--I'D KNOW HOW TO LIVE--! AH, HERE'S OLD HORACE'S HOUSE!



HOPE THE DOOR IS OPEN--IT PROBABLY S--OR I'LL HAVE TO BATTER DOWN ONE OF THE WINDOWS!

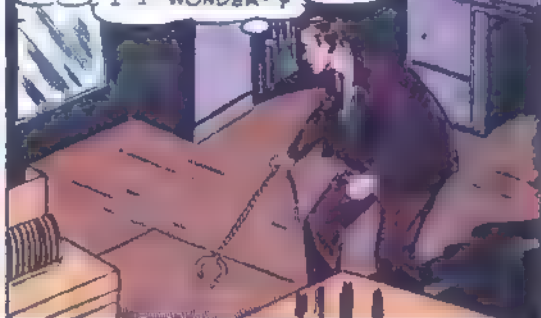


IS IT--POSSIBLE--THERE'S CASH HIDDEN SOMEWHERE BEHIND ALL THIS JUNK? AAH, I MUST BE CRAZY! WHERE WOULD AN OLD SCROUNGER LIKE HORACE SWEENEY GET THAT KIND OF MONEY--?



BUT AS HE PROWLED THROUGH THE GLOOMY ROOMS, GEORGE HACKETT'S FOOT BRUSHED AGAINST SOMETHING SOFT AND YIELDING..

A PIECE OF ROPE, TIED TO AN IRON RING, AND A--A TRAP DOOR! I--I WONDER--?



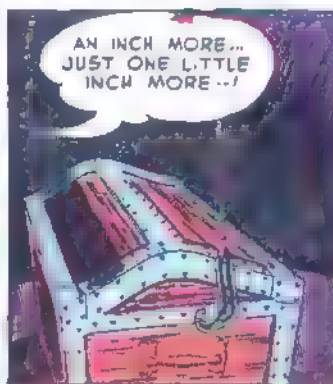
WITH POUNDING HEART, GEORGE HASTILY LIFTED THE TRAP DOOR, AND PEERING INTO THE CAVITY BELOW, SAW...

A CHEST! IT MUST BE LOADED WITH CASH! WHY ELSE WOULD HORACE HAVE HIDDEN IT DOWN THERE? HA, HA, THE OLD MISER WAS CRAZY PICKING UP PEECES OF STRING WITH A FORTUNE UNDER HIS FLOOR!



HIS FINGERS FUMBLING IN HIS EXCITEMENT, GEORGE FINALLY KNOTTED TOGETHER SEVERAL PEECES OF STRING, AND TIED TO THE END A COAT HANGER TWISTED INTO A HOOK! THEN,

AN INCH MORE... JUST ONE LITTLE INCH MORE--!



GOT IT! EASY NOW, EASY DOES IT! IT'S-- PUFF--HEAVY--! WONDER HOW MUCH IS INSIDE? TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS? FIFTY THOUSAND? MAYBE 100 THOUSAND! HA, HA--WHY NOT A MILLION DOLLARS?





THE STRING **BROKE!** I MUST FIND A STRONGER PIECE!

BUT WHEN A FRANTIC SEARCH OF THE HOUSE YIELDED NOTHING STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT THE CHEST, GEORGE RUSHED WILDLY INTO THE STREET

HA HA--NOW THAT OLD HORACE IS DEAD, SOMEONE ELSE IS GOING AROUND TOWN, PICKING UP PIECES OF STRING!

YES, I SUPPOSE WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CHARACTER LIKE THAT!



BUT GEORGE WASN'T WORRYING ABOUT WHAT OTHER PEOPLE MIGHT THINK! HE WAS CONCENTRATING ON THE WEALTH IN THE PIT...

THERE--THIS ROPE OUGHT TO BE STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT THAT CHEST! NOW TO GET BACK AND PULL IT UP!



BUT RACING BACK, HE CAME TO AN ABRUPT HALT WHEN HE ESPIED A STRANGER GUARDING THE DOOR...

WHERE ARE YOU GOIN', BUDDY? YOU CAN'T GO IN HERE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I CAN'T GO IN? WHO ARE YOU TO SAY I CAN'T GO IN?



DEPUTY SHERIFF CONLON'S MY NAME! THE SHERIFF ORDERED THIS HOUSE CLOSED UNTIL THE COURT CLEARS THE ESTATE! I'M JUST CARRYING OUT ORDERS, THAT'S ALL!

WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT YOUR BLASTED ORDERS! I MUST GET INSIDE, I TELL YOU, I MUST!



ALL MY LIFE I DREAMED OF MAKING A MILLION, LIVING LIKE A KING. NOW I FOUND THIS HIDDEN TREASURE, AND YOU DARE TO STOP ME!

LOOK, I'M ONLY DOING MY DUTY!



BLAST YOUR DUTY! GET OUT OF MY WAY!







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



FALLING BACKWARDS, THE MAN'S FOOT BECAME ENTANGLED IN A COIL OF ROPE...



AND THE SOUND OF HIS HEAD STRIKING A TABLE WAS LIKE THE CRACK OF A PISTOL...



WHY HE'S... HE'S DEAD! THE FOOL... WHY DID HE TRY TO STOP ME?



BUT WHAT IS ONE MAN'S LIFE WORTH WHEN A FORTUNE LAY WITHIN ONE'S GRASP? IN A MOMENT...

I'VE GOT IT! IT'S COMING UP! I'LL BE RICH--RICH! FIRST I'M GOING TO BUY A FINE CAR... THEN A HOUSE... A DOZEN SUITS...!



BUT HIS JOY WAS SHORT-LIVED AS A HEAVY HAND DROPPED ON HIS SHOULDER...

YOU MUST WANT THAT BOX PRETTY BAD TO KILL A MAN FOR IT, GEORGE HACKETT!

WHA-AT-?



NO, NO, YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG! I DIDN'T KILL HIM! HE WOULDN'T LET ME PASS! I SIMPLY PUSHED HIM! HE STRUCK HIS HEAD AGAINST THE TABLE AND--

SURE, SURE--TELL IT TO THE JUDGE. LET'S GO, HACKETT!



GEORGE HACKETT WAS TRIED, AND A JURY OF HIS PEERS, AFTER ONE DELIBERATION, FOUND HIM GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE! IT WASN'T MUCH--WAS IT? JUST A PIECE OF ROPE! BUT IN ITS SINEWY FIBERS, A MAN'S DESTINY WAS ENTWINED! AND THAT DESTINY WAS... DEATH!





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



## DEAD or ALIVE ?

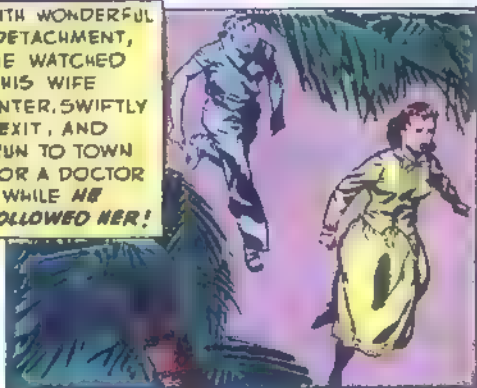
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON WROTE OF A STRANGE EXPERIENCE HE HAD WHILE SERIOUSLY ILL IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS IN 1892. THE AILING MAN FELT HIMSELF GETTING WEAKER AND WEAKER AND SENSED HIS HEART BEAT SLACKENING... HE WAS POSITIVE HE WAS DYING!



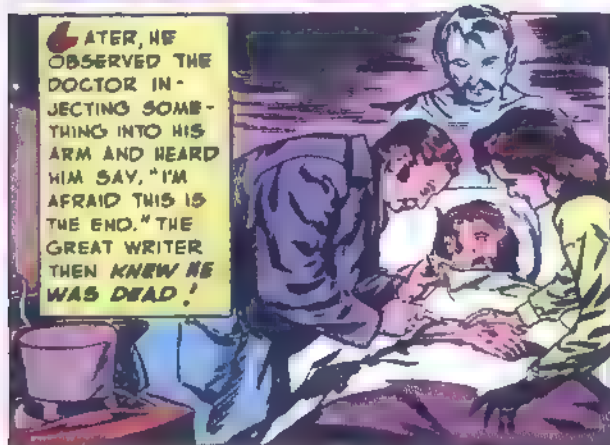
ALL AT ONCE, HE BECAME AWARE OF A PECULIAR FEELING... AS THOUGH HE WAS AN ENTIRELY *SEPARATE* BEING LOOKING AT HIMSELF LYING IN BED!



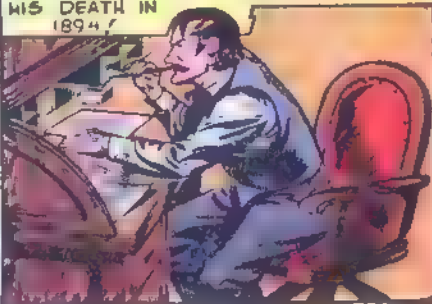
WITH WONDERFUL DETACHMENT, HE WATCHED HIS WIFE ENTER, SWIFTLY EXIT, AND RUN TO TOWN FOR A DOCTOR WHILE HE FOLLOWED HER!



LATER, HE OBSERVED THE DOCTOR INJECTING SOMETHING INTO HIS ARM AND HEARD HIM SAY, "I'M AFRAID THIS IS THE END." THE GREAT WRITER THEN *KNEW* HE WAS DEAD!



BUT SOON HE BECAME AWARE OF HIS HEART BEATING AGAIN AS HIS MORTAL CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED AND HIS BODY STIRRED WITH RETURNING LIFE! STEVENSON WROTE LATER THAT HE WAS SURE THAT HE HAD BEEN DEAD FOR A SHORT TIME! HIS ILLNESS LASTED TWO YEARS AFTER THAT ENDING IN HIS DEATH IN 1894!





# SHE WROTE WHAT GHOSTS DICTATED

Madame Blavatsky, World's Most Famous Mystic,  
Insisted That Spirits Authored Her Book



**S**HE was called by many, Priestess of the Occult. None other deserved the title more, for Madame Blavatsky did more for the cause of mysticism here and in Europe than any single individual before or since.

Her introduction to these shores was as Countess Helena Petrovna de Blavatsky. She had never been a countess, and the "de" did not rightfully belong to her. But what did that matter? She was a woman who exuded glamor, and lived her life fully and recklessly.

She came into close personal contact with some of the most notable people of her day, and all admitted to being impressed by her exceptional magnetism. She attracted into her Theosophical Society such eminent scientists as Sir William Crookes, Thomas A. Edison and Alfred Russel Wallace.

The eminent statesman, William Ewart Gladstone praised her highly in an article which was published in a leading periodical of the day. When Alfred Lord Tennyson, England's Poet Laureate, died, a copy of Madame Blavatsky's mystical poem, "The Voice of the Silence," was found on the table beside his bed.

The distinguished novelist, J. D. Beresford, while not himself a member of her cult, publicly accepted her claim to supernatural powers, and declared that "in the recorded history of the past 6,000 years or so there has been no woman so deserving

ing of our interest as Madame Blavatsky."

What manner of woman was this who won such high praise for her mystical beliefs from men so eminent? Well, Madame Blavatsky was a puzzle to her intimates, and the passing of time hasn't helped in solving the puzzle. Some facts regarding her early life and later history are well established.

While certainly not a Countess, she was well born, being able to trace her maternal ancestors back to the ninth-century Grand Duke Boris, one of the three Princes of Rus, founders of the Russian Empire. Madame Blavatsky's mother, Helene Fadeev, was a daughter of Princess Helene Dolgoruki and Andrez Mikhailovich Fadeev, Privy Councillor of the Caucasus.

Helena left Russia for 10 years, and on her return to St. Petersburg, revealed herself as a successful medium. The story goes that, when proof was demanded, Madame Blavatsky waved her hand, and her handkerchief and matches, which had rested on the table, took wings and went sailing through the air, landing in her lap.

One evening, at dinner, Madame again demonstrated her powers. The lamps and candles in the room suddenly extinguished themselves. And when the servants brought in fresh lights, the table, chairs, and a few other articles were all lying upside down. The amazing part of all this, according to the legend, was that nothing had been

injured. The plates were unbroken, and the polished mahogany bore not a single scratch.

But Russia, with all its vastness, was too small to hold Madame Blavatsky. Almost throughout the rest of her life, she wandered from country to country, and her wanderings included such faraway places as Egypt, Turkey, Tibet and finally the United States.

It was in the U. S. that Madame Blavatsky achieved her greatest undertaking, the founding of the Theosophical Society, which is still an active force among present-day mystics. It all began in her flat on Irving Place, New York, where Madame Blavatsky had gathered together a number of people devoted to occultism.

Beside her was Colonel Olcott, a wealthy lawyer and reporter for the New York Sun, who had joined her as her partner; Charles Sotheran, an Englishman, editor of the American Bibliopolist; Signor Bruzzesi, sculptor and magician; a New Jersey judge, a Philadelphia physician, and others.

Sotheran brought to this gathering its first speaker, J. H. Felt, an architect, who discussed Egyptian mysteries. Felt told the gathering that the hawk-headed figures of Egyptian hieroglyphics were pictures of the spirits who convey messages at seances—and all those present believed him.

Felt went further. He disclosed that he had discovered ancient formulas for evoking these spirits, and offered to demonstrate his rare powers if they would pay the cost of the necessary apparatus.

Olcott was instantly enthusiastic, and with Madame Blavatsky to lead them, it was decided to form a club to continue these exhilarating discussions as a furtherance of their mystical aims.

Sotheran gave the club its name. Fearful that this group might become just another seance circle, Sotheran, after discarding half a dozen entries, hit upon the perfect name—the Theosophical Society. Madame Blavatsky, always with an eye toward good business, insisted upon the payment of dues.

Meanwhile, Madame was hard at work on her literary masterpiece—the book that was later to establish her without question as Priestess of the Occult—"Isis Unveiled." This is not to say that Madame was "hard at work" writing the book, for it is common knowledge today that she shamelessly allowed whatever literary man happened to be close to do the thinking and writing on her book.

Her most important collaborator, or contributor, was a Dr. Alexander Wilder, scholar, physician, occultist. The doctor offered ideas, material, references and criticism for "her" book, and Madame herself credited the Doctor with preparing the 50-page index and writing 40 or 50 footnotes.

But in the end, Madame Mahatma withdrew credit for the writing of her book from Dr. Wilder. She went further—she disclaimed credit of authorship for herself as well. Now she insisted that the true authors of the book were the Masters of Wisdom who sometimes dictated to her.

She acted out this part to the hilt, with her usual flair for the dramatic. While her partner Olcott watched, spellbound, she would gaze into space, listen intently, then swiftly copy it all down. Olcott was convinced that Madame was receiving it all from the astral light and her spirit guides.

Madame Blavatsky's claim that her book was written by means of spiritual dictation was taken quite seriously by her fellow Theosophists, who thought it amazing that this two-volume work includes hundreds of quotations made without access to the great libraries.

But critics were quick to point out that at least half a dozen men in Madame Blavatsky's intimate circle either owned or had access to large book collections. These included Sotheran, who specialized in rare editions; The doctor, who had the finest collection of books on the occult in the U. S.; and Dr. Wilder, who was an expert in the field.





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU... THE WAY IT HAPPENED TO ME! FIRST WILL COME THE STRANGE AND SINISTER VISIONS! NEXT YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF POSSESSED OF POWERS BEYOND YOUR WILDEST IMAGININGS! FRENZIED DEMONS OF DEATH WILL DANCE AT YOUR BIDDING, WHILE THE VERY ELEMENTS WILL HASTEN TO CARRY OUT YOUR COMMANDS! AND THEN... THEN YOU WILL SUFFER THE TERRIFYING TORMENTS THAT I DID WHEN I FIRST LEARNED THAT



ONLY A... A WITCH COULD HAVE MIXED THIS BREW! SO I MUST BE A A... OH, NO, NO...

MY NAME IS LESLIE CANTWELL... MY HUSBAND IS BRUCE CANTWELL, THE FAMOUS ART CRITIC. FOR MONTHS, I HAD BEEN PLEADING WITH BRUCE TO MEET MY COUSIN ROY, A POOR, UNSUCCESSFUL PAINTER, WHO LIVED ALONE IN OUR ANCESTRAL NEW ENGLAND HOME...

BUT WHEN HE FINALLY AGREED TO MAKE THE TRIP, I FELT UNEASY AS WE WALKED UP THE GARDEN PATH TO THE HOUSE...

THAT SAME EVENING, ONE LOOK AT COUSIN ROY'S PAINTINGS WAS ENOUGH FOR BRUCE.

SO THIS IS THE OLD HOMESTEAD, EN? I DON'T KNOW, BRUCE! I SEEM TO HAVE A STRANGE FOREBODING... A FOREBODING OF... OF EVIL!

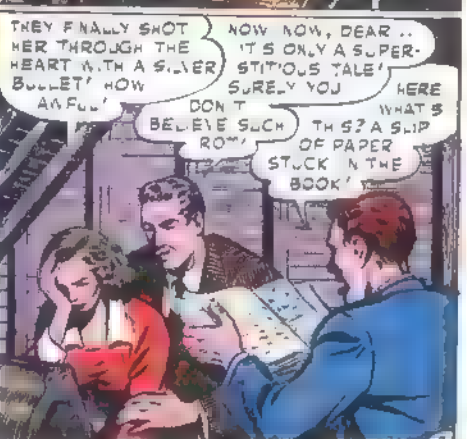
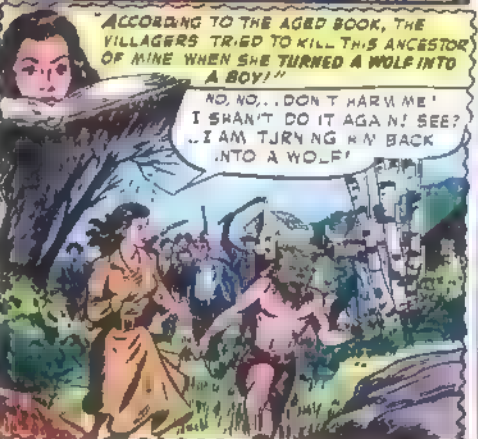
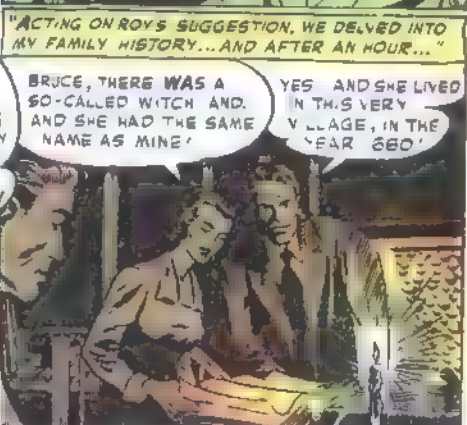
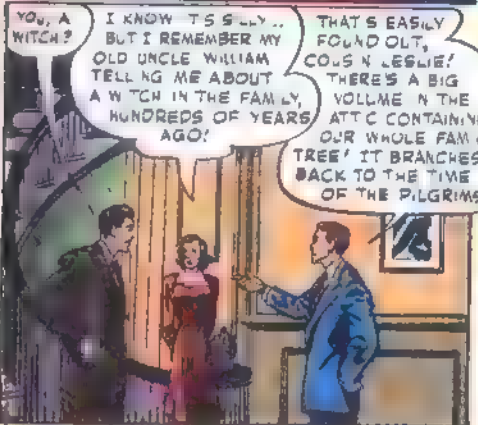
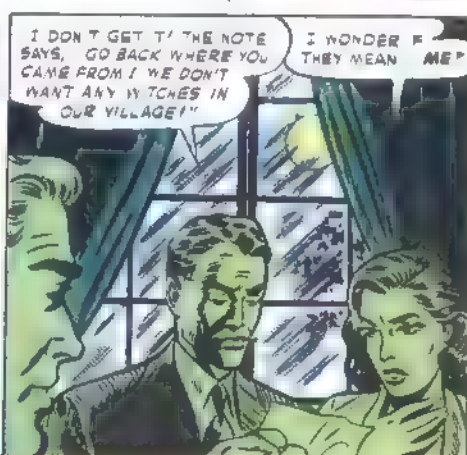
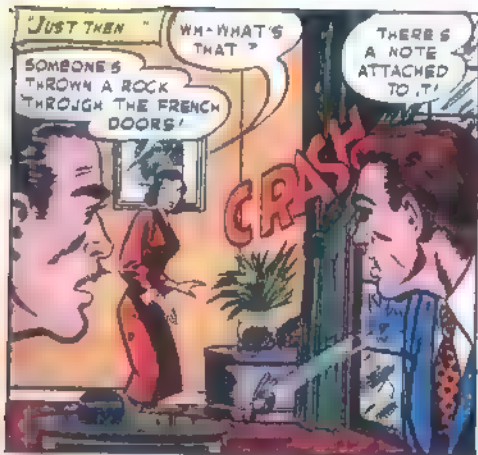
I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU, ROY. YOUR PAINTINGS ARE POORLY DONE AND OF NO VALUE! YOU'LL NEVER BE A GREAT ARTIST!

DEEP AS OR ME, I FEEL I HAVE GENIUS... BUT WHEN I START TO PAINT, I'M TERRIBLE, I KNOW!





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY





WHY, IT'S THE FORMULA FOR A **WITCH'S BREW!** LEGENDS CLAIM THAT ONLY A WITCH CAN MAKE IT WORK! BUT WHERE IN THE WORLD DOES ONE FIND THOSE HERBS... AND THE EAR OF A LIZARD?

*Witch's Brew*  
2 GRAMS CHIVES  
3 GRAMS BASIL  
1 GRAMS OREGANO  
1 EAR OF LIZARD

"IF ONLY I HAD LISTENED TO BRUCE! IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT EVIL BUSINESS WAS IN STORE FOR ME! BUT I HAD TO GO THROUGH WITH IT... SO PRESENTLY..."

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT... IF YOUR WIFE TURNED OUT TO BE A WITCH, DARLING?

HMPH... THIS FORMULA IS A COMPLETE PHONY! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE EVEN WASTING YOUR TIME WITH IT!

"I HAD WANTED A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO ROY ALONE... TO CONSOLE HIM FOR BRUCE'S OPINION OF HIS PAINTING... BUT..."

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING, ROY...

SAVE IT, COUSIN... I'VE GOT SOME FRESH CANVASSES I WANT TO PREPARE! DESPITE WHAT BRUCE SAID, I'M GOING TO KEEP ON PAINTING!

YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL ON THIS SHELF, COUSIN! THEY MUST'VE BEEN THERE SINCE THE HOUSE ITSELF WAS BUILT! BR... CARE TO TRY THEM? OR ARE YOU AFRAID THEY MIGHT WORK FOR YOU?

STRANGE... HOW THIS ALL FASCINATES ME AS IF... AS IF SOMETHINGS **FORCING** ME TO TRY THE MIXTURE! YES, I THINK I WILL... BRING THE INGREDIENTS DOWNSTAIRS, BRUCE!

OH, REALLY, LESLIE... AREN'T YOU CARRYING IT A BIT TOO FAR?

ANYHOW, I'M VERY TIRED... THINK I'LL GO TO BED! WILL YOU?

I'LL BE ALONG A LITTLE LATER, DEAR... I'M NOT SLEEPY YET! MMM... THAT BREW MAY NOT HAVE MUCH POWER, BUT IT CERTAINLY SMELLS SWEET!



"I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF, FOR I WAS SUDDENLY AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF **FLAPPING WINGS!** AND WHEN I OPENED MY EYES..."

MY MISTRESS... I HEARD YOUR SUMMONS IN THE WITCH'S BREW, AND I HAVE COME FROM THE WORLD BEYOND TO DO YOUR BIDDING! YOUR SLIGHTEST WISH, AND THE VERY ELEMENTS WILL CONSPIRE TO OBEY YOU!

**FEET!**



"IN THE NEXT INSTANT, THE HORRIBLE CREATURE DISAPPEARED, LEAVING ME CONFUSED, BEWILDERED!"

DID I... REALLY SEE THAT HAWK? OR WAS IT JUST MY IMAGINATION? OH, DEAR... I FEEL SO STRANGE... AND THIS HAZE... AH, ROY. I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME BACK!



"BUT WHEN I DESCRIBED THE TERRIBLE IMAGE TO ROY, HIS RESPONSE SHOCKED ME EVEN MORE."

LESLIE, MY DEAR COUSIN, I BEG OF YOU... GIVE ME THE POWER TO PAINT... TO BE GREAT! YOU CAN GIVE IT TO ME... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO WILL IT! PLEASE, PLEASE!

ROY... HAVE YOU GONE MAD?



NO... BUT YOU HAVE THE POWER OF WITCHCRAFT! DON'T DENY ME THIS ONE FAVOR! ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO PAINT! GIVE ME THIS GIFT, I PRAY YOU!

ROY, YOU ARE MAD! BUT IF IT WILL MAKE YOU HAPPY, VERY WELL, ... I WISH YOU TO BE A GREAT PAINTER! THERE... ARE YOU SATISFIED?



"PAINTING LIKE A GENIUS POSSESSED, ROY'S BRUSH MOVED WITH A SPEED AND FRENZY THAT COULD ONLY BE... SUPERNATURAL!"

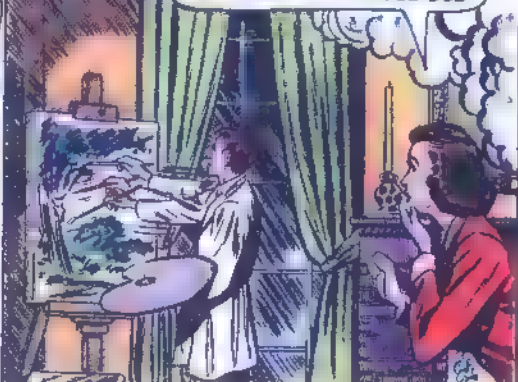
THREE GLORIOUS WORKS OF IMPERISHABLE ART THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER! THIS IS TRUE GREATNESS... AND ALL THANKS TO YOU, DEAR COUSIN!

NO, NO... I DON'T HAVE SUCH POWER... I CAN'T. I CAN'T!



"AND AS A CRAWLING TERROR INCHED UP MY SPINE, I BEHELD AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT..."

NO... NO... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



"MY SENSES REELING, I STAGGERED FROM THE HOUSE, TO A NEARBY GARDEN, WHERE..."

STOP ANNOYING ME! WHAT EVER MADE YOU THINK I'D FALL IN LOVE WITH AN UGLY

OH, JIMMY, JIMMY... IF I WERE ONLY BEAUTIFUL!

DUCKLING LIKE YOU?





"FORGETTING FOR A MOMENT MY OWN GRIEF, I TRIED TO COMFORT THE HEARTSORE GIRL..."

I... (SOB)... DON'T BLAME... (SOB)... HM! WHO'D LOVE A... (SOB)... UGLY THING LIKE ME?"

YOU POOR CHILD... I... I WISH YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL!



"MOMENTS LATER..."

WHY, I'M BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! AND YOU DID IT... JUST BY WISHING IT TO HAPPEN!

YES, YES... BUT PLEASE... DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS TO ANYONE!



"AT THAT MOMENT..."

HEY... THERE SHE IS NOW! THERE'S THE WITCH! LET'S GRAB HER AND HANG HER. OR PUT A SILVER BULLET THROUGH HER HEART!

THAT'S MAD! IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME!

STEADY, LAD!



AND SUDDENLY, BEFORE MY STARTLED EYES..."

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL... AS IF... I'M CHANGING!

YOU ARE! YOU ARE!

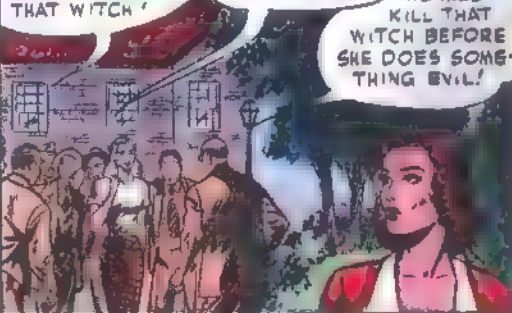


BUT THE HAPPY GIRL COULDN'T CONTAIN HERSELF AND SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE..."

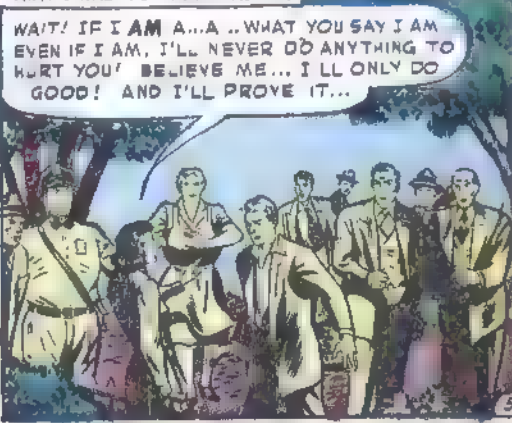
LOOK... IT'S MARY ANN... CHANGED INTO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL BY THAT... THAT WITCH!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU? SHE BROUGHT BACK THE CURSE OF HER ANCESTORS!

WE MUST KILL THAT WITCH BEFORE SHE DOES SOMETHING EVIL!



"BUT AS THE INFLAMED MOB CAME CLOSER AND CLOSER, I KNEW THAT IT WAS HAPPENING AND THAT I HAD TO THINK FAST..."



WAIT! IF I AM A... A... WHAT YOU SAY I AM EVEN IF I AM, I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING TO HURT YOU! BELIEVE ME... I'LL ONLY DO GOOD! AND I'LL PROVE IT...

THAT TREE.. IT'S RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE ROAD! IT MUST BE A TERRIBLE TRAFFIC HAZARD! I'LL REMOVE IT FOR YOU!

WATCH



"SILENTLY, I WILLED THE GNARLED TREE TO VANISH AND IN THE NEXT SPLIT SECOND.."



SEE? IT'S GONE!

YES OUR TOWN'S OLDEST LANDMARK THE TREE THAT WAS PLANTED AS A SYMBOL WHEN THE VILLAGE WAS FOUNDED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO! I'LL TELL YOU WHY SHE DESTROYED IT... BECAUSE THAT'S THE TREE OUR ANCESTORS USED TO HANG THEIR WITCHES ON!



"HAD THE WHOLE WORLD GONE MAD?.. OR WAS IT JUST I WHOSE REASON HAD FLED? I STARTED TO RUN THE WORDS RINGING IN MY EARS.."

SHE'S A WITCH AND MUST BE DESTROYED! IF

NO, LAD... THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY! WE DON'T BURN WITCHES NOWADAYS! SHE WILL HAVE A FAIR TRIAL!

NO ONE ELSE WILL DO IT, I WILL! AND I'LL START BY BURNING DOWN HER HOUSE!



BRUISED AND BLEEDING AFTER A CHASE THROUGH THE WOODS, I MANAGED TO REACH THE HOUSE, WHERE...

BRUCE! ROY! OH, WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE ANSWER? HELP! HELP!



"I WAS ALONE AND CORNERED NOW... THE BOY WHO WAS CHASING ME DREW CLOSER, CLOSER... HIS TORCH SEEMING TO GROW INTO A HUGE, GLEAMING FIREBALL..."

NO... PLEASE... KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY!





"SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING VANISHED... THE BOY, THE HUGE TORCH, EVERYTHING... AND I REALIZED THAT MY EYES WERE OPENING FROM A FITFUL SLEEP..."



"THERE WAS A GUN LYING ON THE TABLE, WITH A SILVER BULLET NEXT TO IT. HOW IT GOT THERE, I DON'T KNOW... I ONLY KNEW THAT I HAD TO USE IT NOW!"



THAT'S JUST IT... WHAT ROY DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT I SAW THESE PAINTINGS **THREE YEARS AGO!** THEY WERE DONE BY A POOR FRENCH GENIUS WHO DIED LAST YEAR! ROY TRICKED HIS WIDOW OUT OF THEM, AND SHE WENT BACK TO FRANCE, BROKEN-HEARTED!



"BUT MY RELIEF WAS SHATTERED IN THE NEXT MOMENT, WHEN..."



NO, DARLING... THAT'S ONLY WHAT YOUR LOVING COUSIN WANTED YOU TO THINK! THAT BREW WAS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL FORMULA, WHOSE FUMES CAN HYPNOTIZE A PERSON! ROY WAS AT YOUR SIDE ALL THE TIME, WHISPERING THAT NIGHTMARE IN YOUR EARS!



YOU SEE, ROY WOULD HAVE BOTH HIM PAINTING FAME AND FORTUNE IF HE COULD CLAIM THESE THEM, BRUCE... MASTERPIECES AS HIS I ACTUALLY SAW OWN WORK! HIM!







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



NO... HERE'S WHAT HE DID! FIRST, HE GAVE EACH PAINTING A COAT OF HARMLESS WHITEWASH!



THEN, DIPPING HIS BRUSH INTO LUKEWARM WATER, HE BEGAN WASHING OFF THE WHITE PAINT... LIKE THIS... AND IN YOUR DRUGGED STATE, HE SEEMED BUT WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT HIM, DEAR? I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE TO SLEEP!

I WAS TIPPED OFF AT THE VERY BEGINNING, WHEN I SAW THIS SLIP OF PAPER CONTAINING THE SO-CALLED WITCH'S BREW! IN 1680, PAPER WAS MADE BY HAND... BUT THIS PAPER WAS MADE ON A MACHINE! SEE?... IT BEARS THE MANUFACTURER'S SEAL!



AND... AND I WAS SO SURE MY SCHEME WOULD WORK!

SO WHEN YOU THOUGHT I'D GONE TO BED, I WAS REALLY GOING INTO HIDING, TO WATCH ROY AND SEE WHAT HE WAS PLOTTING! THAT NOTE THROWN THROUGH THE WINDOW... THAT GUN WITH THE SILVER BULLET... IT WAS ALL ARRANGED BY HIM IN ADVANCE!



The END

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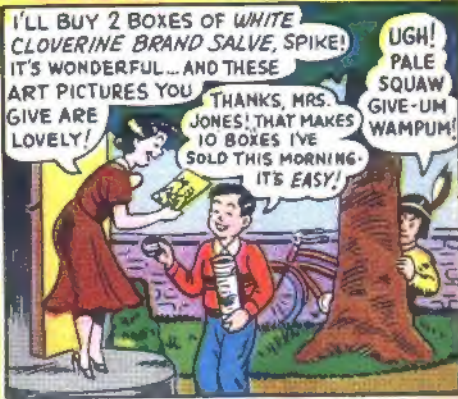
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